Hindsight

John Reuben

I screamed to God out of frustration
After another day of waking and hating the fact
That I'm still where I'm at, what's the point of all of this
'Cause I'm not seeming to find it

Is it meaningless? I search the reason behind it
Because these moments seem to drag on forever
And these years on end seem to have never been this
Desperation has formed repetition within to insecure, to pretend
And I'm too weak to defend

Here it comes again all in my world
Again left with no direction, no beginning, no end
The days blend together and the weather never changes
Numb to the outcome but yet not quite painless

Aimless to whether or not I made a mistake
And if so, how far is too far? Before it's too late
Should I wait but then what would be too long
To reverse the effects if I was wrong

Hindsight is a beautiful thing
When you can look back
And see what patience
And time can bring

Is it a must that I'm here?
Is it a must that I stay in order to look forward?
Must I look away? We're moving towards a new day
Unsure of what tomorrow will bring our way

I'm not even quite sure of what this day holds
I say we travel the unknown and watch it unfold
Hold today close while still reaching for tomorrow
Through the test of time, I've seen joy overcome sorrow

So with every trial I endure with hopes To mature into what I was created For more than life itself, I want life itself

Press past the present until forever is felt

And take hold of the hidden mystery wide-eyed and open I now see differently, if it's to be then give me the strength

To be content and find peace in knowing

One day it will all make sense

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When you can look back
And see what patience
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Learning to accept the unexpected

Because the unknown wasn't here for me to correct it

So I let it go and stopped trying to control the impossible

Simply put tossed in the shuffle

At a young age just like everyone else

So I don't feel sorry for you or for myself
Love is bigger than that
And I'm not below or above the way it moves
Even though the things it does to my train of thought
Can bring about doubt and uncertainty

Patience tends to not agree with my psyche
That's more than likely, just some pride in me
Fighting expectations of where I think my life should be
Selfishly I forget, so quickly let me never forget

Lord, break me in humility

Some sort of amazing grace on me

As I look back upon my life

And where You've taken me

Hindsight is a beautiful thing
When you can look back
And see what patience
And time can bring

Hear the call, peace fall from trial to triumph
I want your hand in it all
Allow me to know where to stand in it all
Life giver

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